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# WOMAN'S WORK

## A FOREIGN MISSIONS MAGAZINE

Reasonable Optimism

When I Was President

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VOL. XXXIII No. 1

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APR 3
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

# WOMAN'S WORK

*A Foreign Missions Magazine*

VOL. XXXIV APRIL, 1919 No. 4

Schoolboys lined up to salute the Governor; rubber plantation in the background. Photos. of African life given by Mr. Geo. Schwab.

THE TIDAL WAVE of New Era enthusiasm has been swelling from the Atlantic to the Pacific and as these paragraphs are being written New York is on its crest. Inspiring leaders, both men and women, have been addressing crowded gatherings, morning, afternoon and evening. Unfortunately the Moderator of the General Assembly was too ill to take his part in the program. There have been supper conferences in different sections of the city and suburbs, including special gatherings for young people. The fine team of women representing our home and foreign Boards are presenting lucidly to large audiences of women workers the precise relations of the women's societies to the whole movement; at most illuminating conferences they are answering questions, giving information and inspiration, and arousing in our devoted women a new sense of their own opportunity and obligation in this hour of world reconstruction. They are showing that the women are a vital part of the Movement, from the General Committee at its head down to the committee in the smallest local church. And they are bringing to every Presbyterian woman the realization that she should be prepared to receive an appeal to enlarge for next year her regular gift to her church's mission work, and also her regular gift to her church itself, where the women constitute a large proportion of the givers.

---

RE-ENFORCEMENTS! The great progressive movements, Rainbow Campaign, New Era, Jubilee; the appalling need, physical and spiritual, dawning every hour more clearly upon the realization of the Church—these constitute a loud and penetrating call for fresh and vigorous workers to aid in restoring such devastated fields as Syria and Persia and Africa. Women doctors, nurses and teachers, here are opportunities of a lifetime to do constructive work that will tell for eternity!

---

NOT ONLY in mission lands and in the Church's special obligations is RECONSTRUCTION a slogan of the day. On a heretofore undreamed-of scale this is the imminent task of our country. Once more our Government turns to its loyal children to help make a giant task possible. And as every loyal citizen, men, women and children, felt a keen sense of responsibility in doing a full share towards the four successive Liberty Loans, so now those who have lent their

money and those who have given far more than money, will alike feel the same responsibility towards the new VICTORY LOAN. The Presbyterian Church played a telling part in the organization of the United States Government, and its patriotism is no less now than it was in Revolutionary times. The greatest and most wide-sweeping Revolution the world ever saw is now evolving. The Liberty Loans made possible our share in victory. Now the Victory Loan will make possible our share in the establishment of the "new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness!"

---

IN THE EARLY days of the War there were some who had anxious questionings about the loyalty of Great Britain's colonies. Alarming stories were circulated of sedition in India and elsewhere. Away off in the Pacific, in the little group of Cook Islands, there is a tiny island called Niué, where the London Missionary Society had a station and faithful work had been done. The converts had been, like our African converts, generous and faithful givers to the work for Christ's Kingdom. To the Empire Defence Fund this little island voluntarily sent a gift of one hundred and sixty-four pounds and an offer of two hundred native men to fight. The letter that went with the gift was signed by twelve chiefs and was as follows:

*"To King George V, all those in authority, and the brave men who fight.*

"I am the island of Niué, a small child that stands up to help the kingdom of George V. There are two portions we are offering—(1) money; (2) men."

For church and country Presbyterians should follow the example of the Island of Niué.

---

FOR A YEAR and a half the Cameroun region was in the throes of war. Backward and forward swept the tides of battle as one side or the other gained the advantage. But always the tide of the Allies' triumph rose higher and higher until at last German control in West Africa was wiped out and the French took the reins of government. Though more or less interrupted in their active work, our missionaries never let go of their responsibilities, even helping to sustain mission effort inaugurated by French, Swiss and Germans before the war. As told elsewhere in this issue, the great Presbyterian church at Elat has been divided, partly for convenience of access, into eight churches. Two years ago full station work was established at Fulasi, a point about seventy miles to the east of Elat, around which there are sixty-four village schools, entirely self-supporting, boarding schools for boys and girls, a hundred and twelve evangelists and an organized church, with a recent attendance of over thirteen thousand at one service, besides industrial work and a residence for the missionaries.

---

IT IS CHEERING to hear occasionally of something coming the missionaries' way that seems to us to be very extra nice! When we indulge in alligator pears for our own salad we feel that we have a touch of luxury, but in their war gardens in Africa our missionaries raise not only the *avacado,* as these pears are called there, but bananas, plantains, cassava, peanuts, pineapples and other fruits. Lest some solemn critic should arise to denounce our "luxurious missionaries" we hasten to explain that the market price of alligator pears is six for a cent; pineapples are rather dear, being a cent apiece, but they hope before long to have these so abundant that three or four may be bought for a cent.

---

ABOUT TWO MILLIONS OF DOLLARS have been sent by Syrians in this country to the starving relatives in their homeland. The fact that our Board has been the friendly hand reaching across the world to bring this help has established a relation that means much for future mission work. Most of the Board's buildings and workers are for the present in Red Cross service. Secretary Stanley White and Mrs. White sailed in February with a party of returning missionaries and new recruits. Dr. and Mrs. White plan to give six months' service to the American

Committee for Relief in the Near East. A single indication of what is to be done is the fact that last year one-third of the population of Lebanon died of starvation. As this is written there has just been received in Dr. White's office the accumulated budget of the belated reports of three years from the Syria Mission. It is now too late in the month to select any parts of these reports to give to our readers in April number, but we hope to do this in later issues.

---

It may perhaps not be generally known that the West Africa Mission some years ago voted that any colored man and wife whom the Board deemed suitable for service in that field could be used to advantage and would be welcomed by the Mission. The Board of Foreign Missions considers applications of colored men and their wives for appointment to this Mission on the same basis of attainment and character as those of other candidates.

Mrs. Hoskins, writing *en route* for Beirut, tells of attending at Canton Christian College the meeting of the South China Missionary Society, at which the subject studied was "Africa." There was an excellent program presented and the fifty women present represented the different Christian denominations working in Canton and vicinity. Although surrounded by the swarming multitudes of that city, they could still look beyond their own overwhelming work to consider what their comrades were doing in other lands.

---

At the very last minute we are able to report to the interested members of our magazine family that the official count of our subscription cards on the last day of our business year, February twenty-eighth, 1919, showed a gain in subscriptions, over 1918, of three thousand, two hundred and twenty-one. This splendid increase is the largest recorded in any year of the magazine's history.

## The Way of a Yelinda

George Schwab

"We are all children again!" remarked one of our teachers when the new foreign language was introduced into our schools. And as if in assent to his statement, there came out of the schoolhouse certain strange sounds which a trained ear could recognize as being intended for French. *"Je suis, tu es, il est,"* etc., etc. Yes, we were all children again, even the white man, and learning a new language now that we belong as a country to France!

As I sat at the desk, doing some trifling thing in connection with the school routine, I became aware of a silence, a strange thing in a Bulu schoolroom, with its crowded benches. Something had happened. What? Glancing up I noted that all eyes were staring in the direction of the door. Some faces had even a smile of amusement. I, too, looked in the direction of the door and saw—

Yes, they were from the interior, those two shapely youths, clad only in bark loin-cloth and a string of dog's teeth about the neck. Long and well-made spears they carried. After the manner of their tribe, they entered as soon as they saw me look their way, entered with a sort of awkward rustic grace. Were they not the bearers of a request of great import to their tribe and its future?

"And whence are you and what thing is it that you bear in your hearts?" I asked. A quick glance of questioning searched my face to see if I really meant what I said, to see if I could possibly be ignorant of the nature of their errand, then—

"We are sons of the Yelinda, of Real Man Esono's town. He has sent us for a teacher."

Then came the thing I always dread, the explanation, which never convinces a native, as to why I cannot possibly send a teacher. Long was our talk, long their

# Our Missionaries in Africa

AND POST OFFICE ADDRESSES

General Address, except Benito: Care American Presbyterian Mission, Kribi, Cameroun, W. Africa, via Bordeaux. Benito Mail: Mission Americana, Rio Benito, Guinea Espanola, W. Africa.

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pleading. But at last the inevitable. They went away very heavy of heart with my message to Real Man Esono.

Two weeks passed. Again one morning the strange silence in the schoolroom. This time there were six of the bark-loin-cloth and dog-teeth-necklace-clad youths in the door. The greater number was to make a more favorable impression on me as to the power of their chief and the importance of the message they bore.

All that day we talked about that school teacher! Did I leave the house by the front door, the six were awaiting me to renew their appeal. If it was by the back door I left, even there they were. Wherever I went they followed, always pleading. Food I gave them and salt to season it, salt that was selling at one dollar and fifty cents a pound! "Even though we take it, can it rest well in our stomachs, will it help our hearts when they are filled with sorrow because of the answers you give to our pleading?"

At last towards evening their spokesman called in through the open door, "We are leaving, but our parting is not the parting of friends! Your heart is indeed very hard towards our tribe, us of the Yelinda." Out into the darkening evening to a darker corner of the earth they went and joy did not go with them.

"Me, I am Real Man Esono, the head of the Yelinda! Twice have I sent my people to you, white man of the hill, for a teacher. Twice it has been you have refused to send a teacher. Why do you look down upon us of the Yelinda? Myself I have come to *take* a teacher." This was the greeting I received, as I was leaving our home one noon, from a husky heathen who was accompanied by a number of his wives, children and retainers. There followed the usual discussion, pleading, and final going back home of the large company with heavy hearts, all because the white man had not been able to "make" teachers as fast as the demand.

Had Real Man Esono been like many others this story would not have been written. A week or ten days after his visit to me, there appeared four youths with the startling announcement on the part of their spokesman that "he," pointing to one of the lads, "is to carry the box of school supplies, he over there will carry the blackboard. The other one is to carry whatever things the teacher has, and myself, I am to show the teacher the path to our town!"

"Yes, but who are you and where is the teacher?"

*"Hé Eké!* and you do not know that we are Yelinda, of Real Man's Esono's? The teacher is here!"

"Where is he? I want to see him."

"Look, white man, the boys are *bizuke buzuk"* (uncountable for multitude) "in the school house. We want only one!"

"Which one?"

"We'll show you!" And they did. That he was not of the first class, that he did not know very much—no matter! He was the one. So I called him out and we talked the matter over. To the Yelinda he stood for a knowledge of the things of the white man, of the white man's God. And he consented to go.

There was singing on the path that led

to the interior, to the Yelinda country, as the little party of five left Metet that evening.

For seventy years before Columbus had discovered America, white men were sailing up and down the West African coast, looking for the short route to India. It is only twenty-five years since Dr. Good went to the Bulu interior, the first white man to venture into this part of Africa.

To get work established then and to keep it going the Mission had to pay fathers to allow their sons to attend school and had to do this for years. It is a far cry from giving a monthly fee for the privilege of having boys at a station to doing what Real Man Esono did to get a teacher.

Everywhere the people are awakening to the privileges that are now theirs. The missionary is bombarded on all sides with requests for teachers, for evangelists. He is doing his utmost to make West Africa a safe place for the coming generations of Africans, but he needs help and that urgently.

Shall this silver jubilee of the West African Mission mark the consecration of many lives in this country to His service and thus bring into His fold countless souls who could not otherwise be reached? You yourselves must give answer to this question!

## A Modern Saul of Tarsus

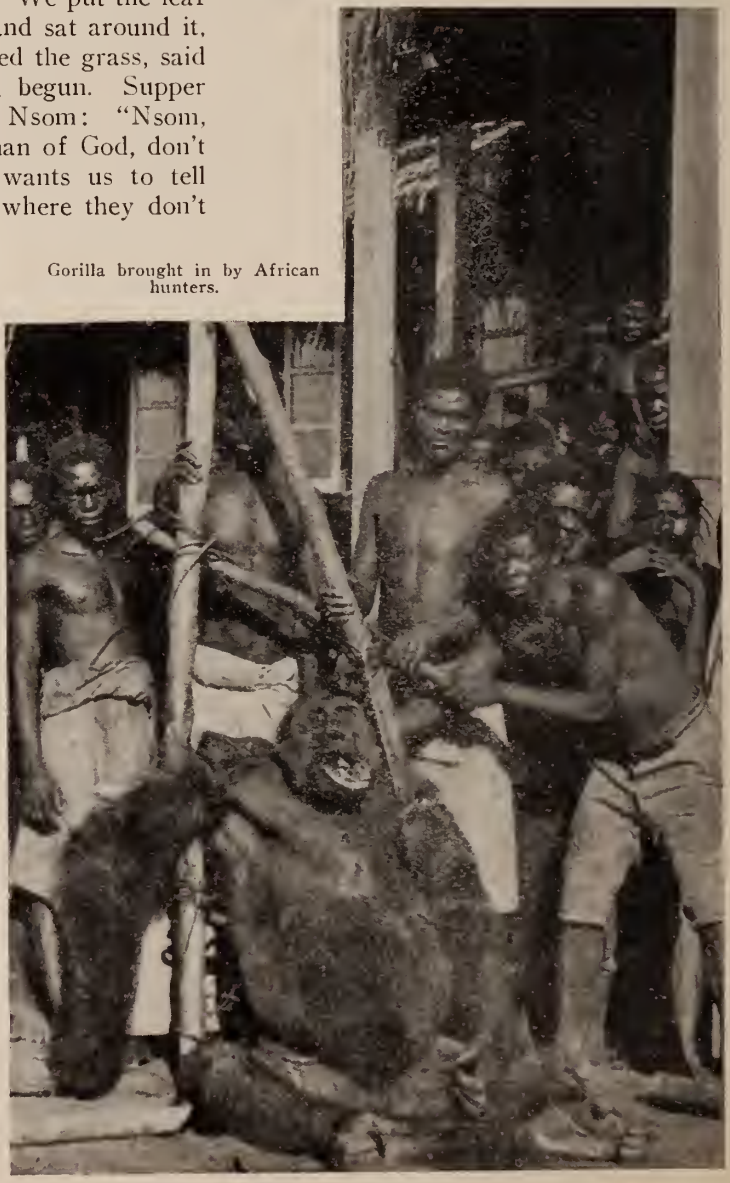
HILDE LAIBLE

THERE are, it is true, chiefs in West Africa who long for the Gospel, send delegates after delegates to the missions, demanding a teacher. Yet, not all! There was Nsom Mewo! A comparatively young man, of that progressive type which possesses shoes without the Gospel; which has added to its own vices those of the white man without embracing his virtues. Nsom hated Christianity. He knew that such cruel reigns as his would be doomed should Christ get the land. So he opposed with all his power. And he had power; all the surrounding villages feared him. He was rich, had many wives, but I do not think he had properly paid for *one;* he had gotten them by hook and crook, often by stealing. And he was unmercifully cruel to them. Would Christian teachers come through the picturesquely hidden village in the forested hills, desiring to tell the people of the things of God, Nsom would appear, saying: "I am a man of Satan and my town is a town of Satan—you get out of here!" He would not let the boys of his town go to school.

So when I went there I was accompanied by the prayers of the missionaries behind me. A blessed trip it was; my three carriers and I talked to many people whom we met on the trail or in the bark huts under the giant-trees and many of them gave their hearts to God. The second afternoon we arrived in Nsom's town. As the hills were already throwing a shadow over half of the smoking little bark huts, I went up to Nsom, saying (and I confess I put on my best smile): "Nsom, the sun is setting, our feet are weary and we feel hunger; may we sleep in your village to-night?" And with the hospitality peculiar to this Bulu tribe he offered me the best of the village. Whenever a Bulu chief receives me as his guest in his village, I lie down under the starry southern sky as unconcerned and calm as in my own room. I know as much as lies in his power he will keep me from harm. Of course he cannot rule the animals and that often worries him. He comes to me: "Ah, sister of mine, do not do such a thing and sleep outdoors; that gives us shame. Two, three nights the leopard has come in the town looking for goats; do not do that. The best hut in the village will we give you!" And I have a hard time to persuade him that white folks are made queerly, they cannot sleep in smoky, close air.

A long time I sat with Nsom by his hut, entertaining him with all kinds of secular things. I ground my peanuts on the rock

for the evening-porridge, I went around in the huts of the women, and I saw that they would love the Gospel; they did not say so, they were afraid, for what you say alone in the darkness of the hut will come yet before the ears of your husband and he has unlimited power over you. No, it would not do to say so, but—women all over the universe can carry on an audible conversation about pots and gardens and firewood, and all the time mean something altogether different. I knew they wanted to hear of God. Then the porridge was done. We put the leaf bundle on the ground and sat around it, my carriers and I, untied the grass, said our blessing on it and begun. Supper over, I again went to Nsom: "Nsom, you know I am a woman of God, don't you? Now our God wants us to tell everybody about Him, where they don't know Him; would you mind if I just told a little to your people and had a meeting in the palaver house?" Well, as I had been so nice to him, he himself called his people together, but to be sure that nothing would be done of which he would not approve, he took the only chair the village possessed and sat outside the door. What a house full of brown humanity! Brown limbs everywhere! In that semi-darkness of the flickering firelight only the big, black, earnest and expectant eyes stood out clearly. And the Holy Spirit was there, I know it! We read Matthew 25; we sang, we prayed, we told of Christ, and people were convicted. Yet, when we asked for those who wanted to follow Christ to stand up, not one stirred. A quietness which spoke louder than words reigned. We went out into the moonlight night, my boys and I, but we had only gone a few paces when Nsom's soldier caught up with us. And he said: "Oh, I want to be a Christian, I want to follow Christ, but I am just so afraid of Nsom!" He had reason to be, and yet we knew, to be a real Christian, he had to come out openly. So, it being moonlight and not so much danger of snakes, we went behind an empty hut



Gorilla brought in by African hunters.

with him, knelt down and asked God to give him courage; and to protect him. God did; at morning-prayers he openly confessed adherence to Christ.

In saying good-bye to the chief I asked him: "Now, Nsom, you were very kind to me; I am interested in you. Would you agree that I write your name in this little book where I keep the names of all I especially pray for that they might become people of God?" "Hmm-hm—ah-hm, whenever you come through here, sleep in my town again," etc., he answered me, a long string. But I said: "I didn't ask that, I ask if you agree that I should pray for you, and my carriers with me and my fellow missionaries on the hill?" Well, he hated to say no, and did not say yes, but I told him I would. And I did; every evening we mentioned his name to God. One evening while I was praying I caught myself thinking: "Well, that old rascal won't ever become a Christian anyhow!" But I knew if I prayed that way, I might as well quit wasting my time, and I had to go clear around the bush asking God to give me faith to pray for Nsom. God did and I kept on praying. Months afterward I was itinerating on some other trail when after a meeting a woman came to me and said, with shining eyes, "I am a woman of God now!" "You are? Aren't you one of Nsom's wives?" "Yes." "And what did he do to you?" I asked. "Nothing at all, he simply ignores the fact that I go to meeting," she said. "He lets me go, never forbids me." I was thankful for that much, but kept on praying, and several months later I heard that Nsom was urging his women to become Christians. And again many months later, there came three young men, delegates from Nsom, up on the hill, for the white woman to come down, Nsom has confessed Christ! When finally I shook hands with him, asking: "Nsom, are you really out of the depth of your heart a man of God?" he drew himself up haughtily and asked me indignantly: "When I was a man of Satan, did I ever *pretend* to like God? Did I ever because of fear of men act a Christian?" And I had to confess, no. He had been always very outspoken in his hatred of God. But I thought I would know for sure if I heard him pray. So I said: "Now, Nsom, when we are people of God we talk to Him; let us go into your hut and talk to God." We shut the bark door and knelt down. I prayed first and then he; his was not a prayer as it is made in churches or families. His was a stammering, pitifully humble talk of a chief who had never bent his knee to anybody, who had never asked, always commanded and demanded, and who now humbled himself before the chief of the universe. I doubted no more his sincerity. With characteristic energy he also set to work to remodel his life. His superfluous wives were disposed of, girl wives sent home to their parents. His town had been a terrible gambling town. The day he was converted he stood up in the street, saying: "Gambling is finished from this day on." And it was. He would hold up through-going schoolboys and make them teach him the Lord's Prayer, the Commandments, etc. With the same zeal with which he had followed Satan, he now followed God. As he first had been a fierce heathen, so he now was a fierce Christian! The gentler virtues came slowly to him.

One night, during wartime, as I was sleeping on the front porch, I was wakened and looked blinkingly into the faces of the torchbearers, a group of young men from Nsom's town, telling me that Nsom had died. Died trusting in Christ. This is one of the "whys." Why was he not allowed to lead others right whom he had first led wrong and who are still going wrong? Why was his town left now to his heathen brother? This is one of the things I am going to find out when I get there where those whys are answered. Yet Christian men, women and children are in his town now!

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ONE THING we can be sure of in these times of uncertainty is, that all of the evangelistic work that we can do now can never be undone. Schools and buildings may be lost, but the Gospel preached is never to be in vain. And we all know that the only way to evangelize Africa, or any other land, is through the native workers. (*Rev.*) *A. B. Carr.*
ELAT.

# Jubilee Hymn

Tune: *All Saints No. 2, The Son of God goes forth to war*

For fifty years of blessed toil,
O Lord, we worship Thee,
With heart and voice attuned to praise
We keep our Jubilee.
For grace to help in time of need,
For guidance sent from Thee,
For tender mercies manifold,
We keep our Jubilee!

Across the sea, in lands afar,
Our faithful workers stand,
'Mid famine, tumult, pestilence,
With foes on every hand.
With faith serene, with courage high,
Unmoved by pain or loss,
They bear aloft in every land
The banner of the Cross.

They hold the front; behind the lines
We do our humbler part.
With loving thought, with earnest prayer,
We bear them on our heart.
Where'er Thou sendest us, dear Lord,
We, too, will gladly go;
O grant us ever more and more
Thy will for us to know!

Our year of Jubilee has come,
We will not go out free;
We yield ourselves forever, Lord,
In service glad to Thee.
What fitting gift of gold have we?
Our richest seems too small.
Take Thou our wealth, our time, our love,
Lord, we would give Thee ALL!

*Sophia C. Prentice.*

# More Modern Apostles

(Mrs. W. S.) Anna M. Lehman

Some days stand out unique in the experience of the missionary who has turned the Gospel light into the recesses of African darkness, and has watched the changes which the penetration of that Light has produced.

On one such day in my experience, in one such corner, among the Ngumba tribe, there were three men who gave themselves for life to the study and preaching of God's Word. They stood before the congregation as men who were willing to begin as learners in this "new kind of a school," though they had but recently given their hearts to Christ, and bent their minds to the discipline of book-lore. As they stood there, in their simple native dress, one instinctively thought of Peter, James and John, and certainly in two of these men there was much to suggest the *Peter* and the *John* of Christ's inner circle. John's real name was *Bekale,* and as *Bekale* he ministers to-day to a large company of humble followers of the Lord Jesus.

While not up to human standards in education sufficient for ordination, yet Bekale has shown by his life that he is appointed of God to preach and to minister in Christ's name. It is not easy for a man past thirty, skilled only in the activities of the forest and the simple village life, to follow in the intricacies of the multiplication table or the Bulu language, as she is written and spelled. Much Bekale prayed over his studies, even soliciting the prayers of his missionary friends, that he might have help with the "work of numbers." He spent the greater part of two days alone in the far corners of his big church, much in prayer, before setting out on the fifty-mile journey to the coast, where Presbytery was to meet and question him on his attainments in the study of the Bible.

Prayer has characterized all the affairs of his life. When he brought home his hard-won bride, wrested, according to all the requirements of the black man's custom, from a crusty old heathen owner, it was fitting to his mind that he should bring her straight to the house of God. And although there was not a minister at the station, not a white man to be had, he invited the two women folks there to follow the gleam of the lantern, and join a small but sympathetic group which he led in a short prayer service by way of celebrating his marriage.

At breakfast, next morning, while we were still thinking about the quaintness of it all, one came running to say, "The child of Abwon has died. Yes, she lives just across the river. Yes, I am able to show you the path. Shall we go at once?"

Once inside the little hut of mourning, there on a bit of a box, with the sad-eyed mother and relatives grouped about him, drinking in Christ's words of comfort, sat Bekale, just as he was the night before, only that the tone of joy and gladness was softened and suited to the sadness of the occasion. Such he is to-day — always serving, always sympathetic, always unselfish, a true, sweet disciple of Christ.

Himself converted through the influence of Bian (for years an elder in the church), he has been the means of bringing to Christ his own brothers, one now an elder, another an evangelist, a sister who is serving efficiently as matron in our station girls' school, scores of relatives and hundreds of other Ngumba, Bulu and Mvele. He is much alive to the needs of his people, and specially active in getting sick people into the hands of the missionary doctor, even though they have to be carried by hammock as much as twenty-five miles. Often he prays for the treatment of such if they cannot afford it themselves, as he also gives small amounts to destitute Christian women who otherwise would have nothing to put in their envelopes on collection Sabbaths.

When the missionary doctor was called to America and there seemed little chance of his return, Bekale's faith led him to write: "I am praying always for your return. Suddenly, you will see a path

and you will return. I shall be faithful in prayer." And suddenly a way did appear for the return of the doctor.

Bekale's home life is consistent with his profession and needs no other proof than the transformation of his wife, Luanga, since their marriage, her well-behaved conduct, her thought and service for her friends and family. Hannah, about ten years of age, is now in the Girls' School, able to read in the Gospels, to pray, to work in the garden, or to wash her hands and sit down to sew a fine seam. Jacobus is younger and still at home with his parents.

Once in referring to her former temper and African manner of loud-speaking, Luanga replied, "Yes, Bekale and I have prayed a good deal about my mouth." So it is in little things, as well as great, in physical as well as spiritual things: Bekale is distinctly a man of prayer, and being a man of prayer, is of course a man of power.

LOLODORF.

A small section of the congregation at Elat on Christmas, 1917.

## From the Heart of Persia

GEORGIA L. MCKINNEY

I AM JUST getting back into "God's Country" after a two years' stay in Persia. Words can never picture to the people of America the hideous agony of suffering which has come to Persia during these years of war, pestilence and famine. The streets of the cities have been filled with beggars slowly dying the torturing death of starvation. Wherever we went we saw these poor, emaciated creatures crouching at the sides of the streets. As we approached they would always look up at us with a pleading expression in their sunken, lusterless eyes and stretch out from under their filth and rags claw-like hands to plead for alms. The most pitiful of all were the little helpless children. Even in the bitter cold of winter many of them had no clothes save one or two filthy cotton rags. Yet they often sat all day crouched in the snow, their little bodies purple and blotched with cold and their tiny hands outstretched for help. Often, too, I have seen them scratching in the dirt of the streets, like so many sparrows, eagerly looking for a grain of wheat or some such morsel of food. It was not at all unusual to see them gnawing the flesh from the bones of dead horses or eagerly chewing down handfuls of grass. In some places the people resorted to canni-

balism. Fresh graves were robbed and sometimes the dying were hastened on their way that their bodies might be used for food.

In Tabriz, where I was stationed last winter, the beggars were often gathered from the streets and herded into caravansaries, where they were supposed to be fed and cared for by the government. In reality these caravansaries were perfect cesspools of horrors. Men, women and children were crowded together into cold, bare rooms, perhaps a hundred or more in one small room. Starvation, filth and disease had their own way. The sick were unattended to for days at a time, the bodies of the dead would lie for hours, sometimes days.

The suffering is not confined to the poorer classes alone, but many people who formerly lived in comfort or even wealth are now absolutely destitute. Many thousands of the Armenians and Syrians of the land have been driven from their homes, unable to take anything with them except what they had on their backs, and are now homeless, helpless wanderers. Thousands of these refugees are fatherless, motherless children, with no one to care for them.

The missionaries and relief workers are toiling unsparingly to provide for these poor people with the money which has been so generously sent from America. But in spite of all that is being done it seems only a beginning compared with the great crying need.

## Girls and Boys at Bibia

Ruth Aikin

One hundred and six girls are now enrolled in our school. A number are quite new ones from quite new places. There are forty-four in the boarding school and now they are making mats, straw hats, and learning to weave with the soft fibre of the young palm leaves, and fixing *ndo'o*. This is an oily nut which grows in the forest. The people roast it until brown, then pound it into

Family education—teaching a sturdy youngster to dance. At this early age parents begin to teach children the "muscle" and other dances.

an oily paste and put it in moulds. When it gets hard the outside looks as if it had a coat of paraffine. It keeps indefinitely and the people scrape off a little from time to time for soup and seasoning in greens. This year every *ndo'o* tree in every forest is loaded with nuts. Everybody was busy for weeks gathering and cracking them. So the last two collections were not coppers nor peanuts nor anything else but *ndo'o*. Mrs. Neal had baskets and baskets of it. She asked if the girls could make up into moulds for her and when they would get one supply almost finished a collection would come from some other point with more *ndo'o*. Mr. Neal has now announced that no one is to put in anything but money as an offering this month because they can get money by selling food here.

They are dear, lovable, lively, mischievous girls, some clever and some stupid, some industrious, some otherwise. I know you would all love Nsefum. She is the baby of the school now. I suppose she is six, possibly seven, a little round fat child with a little grass bustle and a very old, troubled look on her face. Her father has lived next door to the "Mission" ever since it came to Bibia and has continued in his evil ways all these years. Nsefum ran away from her marriage and came back to her father's town! Her mother sent her to the girls' school to give her big sister some food and I saw her there. Her sister brought her to me and told me about her. I took her by the hand to bring her to show her to Mrs. Neal. "And so," she said, looking up into my face, "I ask if you won't take me into your school? They may whip me if my father sends me back to Ngoe" (the town of her marriage).

In my vacation I spent two weeks at Elat with Mrs. Carr, who has been ill. Going from Bibia to Elat is just a little bit like going from the county seat to the state capital. Elat seems quite cosmopolitan. I spent ten days also among the Beti and nearly three weeks among the Mvela. The Beti women are nearly all fine, large and good-looking, and very bold. They wondered at my great height and my "marvelous beauty" and then asked me for coppers! Even the Christian women will ask for a gift sometimes, for with them a gift is a sign of friendship.

I enjoyed visiting Mvela very, very much, perhaps because I had been wanting to go there for some time. Ngo Ngimbus, my dear Mvela friend, who has been in the school here ever since I have, went along to take care of me. Her enthusiasm in talking to the women and telling them about being the salt of the

Jean Kenyon Mackenzie.

READERS OF WOMAN'S WORK need no introduction to Miss Mackenzie. Long before she was devoting herself to literary work, before her name was known for her books, articles and poems, she was writing vivid chronicles of her daily work as a Presbyterian missionary in Africa, which appeared in this magazine. Those who keep a file of WOMAN'S WORK, or have access to one, would be interested to look back to the March numbers of 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, and to January and March numbers of 1911.

earth was beautiful to see. She would take the little girls to her and tell them all about the beautiful school at Bibia for little girls. If I had been a little Mvela girl I am sure I should have wanted to come just to be with Ngo Ngimbus. But they wanted to come in order to be with a white woman. But alas! most of them were already sold, some before they were born; so the fathers and mothers would say that they couldn't give away other people's property ("somebody else's thing"). One young man came and gave me his little girl wife, asking me to take her with me. On our return trip we had five girls, each with her basket of treasures, food, cutlass, oil, a little pot, a new bustle or perhaps a cloth to wear on Sundays. It was quite surprising when I thought them all well ahead to find them in the river hunting snails (food!) or stopping to crack *ndo'o* nuts (food!) or peeling the bark off the onion tree (food!). "We're getting food!" they would say when I came along. One night we slept in a house where there were rats. Each little girl went to bed with her basket at her head so she could wake up and chase the rats if they started to eat her precious food.

Costumes in wartime. Photo. sent by Mrs. S. F. Johnson.

It was pleasant, too, to stay with my two girls, who had married, one an evangelist, the other a teacher at Bonjok. They had such a time taking care of me and they are so very happy. I did enjoy them. The other little girls brought me things to eat, too. They like to cook for their "mother." I talked once, at least, in all the towns where I stayed. I do not like to "talk meetings" very well. But when I am traveling and see so many people and cannot talk to each one individually, I *want* to talk to them all at once. The Mvela work was left by the Basle Mission for us to take care of. Many of the people who had started the path of Jesus with those missionaries to show them the Way are following on now. Some have felt that they "do not belong to the American Mission." But many, many more have started anew since we began to go on with the work. The school boys are always interesting and there were schools in all the places I went. They liked to greet me with *"Bon jour"* and were always very polite and usually enthusiastic. In some of the very new places the little boys go to school themselves without any help or encouragement from their parents or from the head man. If the head man wants to he can make the school quite large by telling his boys to go to school. But if he is not a Christian he sometimes even hinders the boys going.

There were "medicines" (charms) of various sorts in many of the places where we passed, sticks around trees to keep people from picking the fruit—that is, the person who removed these and picked the fruit "would die." There was medicine near the path to kill the "person who hates the town"; medicine to make peanuts grow; medicine for about everything. One head man where I slept was having a gathering of his brethren to find out whether a "voice" he had heard saying that he should die was true or not. They were burning some peculiar sticks in the street and each man would get up and give this and that and the other reason why he should live and not die.

It is fine to turn from these and other things of Satan and see the young men

and boys who are following the Way. Surely God will not let them get discouraged or lose the Path. Mr. Reis has a large school of boys. Some of them come to visit me in the evenings. Mrs. Lehman left a game of Bible characters with me and I have been asking them the questions in Bulu and they guess the person. They seem to enjoy it very much. Of course they always like pictures and some of them play dominoes.

When our new beautiful, brown mud church was finished, Mrs. Neal put pictures from a Sunday-school picture roll on the walls. For days after we always saw boys in there looking at and discussing them and with their Testaments looking up the Bible references printed after the English verses.

Mr. Neal is making his round of communion trips once more. The last figures are: taken into the church, 178; advanced to the second year catechumen class, 257. Of course we have not the great numbers here that they have in the interior. The audience Sunday was 1,028, a fair number for here.

BIBIA.

## Sorrow and Rejoicing in India

(MRS. B. J.) ELSIE H. SCHUYLER

NOT FOR many years has there been such a hard period here. First, plague in the spring; then the hottest summer for many years. Then far less than half the normal amount of rain, which caused a practical failure of crops, making almost a famine. Following this came the severe epidemic of influenza. Thousands have been swept away. Here in Jullundur, with eighty thousand inhabitants, the mortality ranged from a hundred to a hundred and ten daily. Cholera and plague do not, as a rule, affect the Christian population as they do the Hindus and Mohammedans. This influenza, however, took many of our Christians. We are mourning the loss of one of our finest Christian teachers, brother of our Head Master, such a good man and strong and well. Death, sorrow and sickness surrounded us for weeks. I am thankful to say influenza is dying out.

After all this the glad news of the cessation of war and Victory was indeed joyful. Yesterday was held a day of celebration throughout India. It was an all-day affair. Before nine one of the Maharajah of Kapurthala's fine carriages was sent us by the Deputy Commissioner. He had previously suggested that we decorate only with American flags. This we did and little could be seen of our place save dear Old Glory! We felt *so* proud. The only two Americans in the city! Mr. Jones was out in camp and although Mrs. Jones was with us, she was from Scotland. We were driven over to the Empress's gardens, where we waited for the procession to form. First went the Indian soldiers and over two thousand schoolboys, our six hundred and fifty were of the number, all carrying red, white and blue banners (made of tissue paper) and English flags. Following the boys came the carriages of the Indians of the city, decorated in all colors. They all wore their gayest and there were scores of carriages. Then came the English and we in our carriage, the two generals, the Commissioner and Deputy Commissioners rode on gorgeously caparisoned elephants, and then came English soldiers and cavalry. We slowly wended our way through the city, in and out of the narrow bazaars. (They had previously been whitewashed and generally cleaned up.) The bazaars were ablaze with color; from the roofs of many houses hung rich silk curtains and cloth. Here and there were mirrors and highly colored pictures of kings and queens, one very fine picture of the ex-Empress of Russia. The shops, doors and side-streets were crowded with men and boys, while the roofs fairly groaned with their load of women and children. All along the way we were pelted with flower-petals, usually the bright yellow

petals of the marigold, a sacred flower with them, but there were rose-leaves as well. Long before our drive was at an end we were covered with yellow. At some places, too, we were sprinkled with musk and rosewater. Finally leaving the city we wended our way to Burleton Park, where the arrangements were perfect. Huge tents were all over the place. The path into the Park was lined with boys, who cheered and shouted as we entered under one triumphal arch after another. There were amusements for all, conjurers, sleight-of-hand performers, acrobats and merry-go-rounds. At a little after one all the Indian soldiers were fed in one place, the English soldiers in another and under a large tent the officers, generals, Commissioner and Deputy Commissioner and about thirty ladies. After lunch came the three toasts: 1, The King-Emperor; 2, The Fleet, the Army and the Air Force, and 3, The Allies. My husband gave the response to the last mentioned. Between three and four we rested, saw the sleight-of-hand performance and about four-thirty had tea. At five there was a short thanksgiving service in the vernacular, with prayers by heads of the four religions represented: Christian, Mohammedan, Hindu and Sikh. It was very impressive. Then followed the message from the King-Emperor, and then in the darkness the brilliant fireworks. We got home at last, tired with the long day, but with the consciousness of having taken part in a notable celebration.

JULLUNDUR CITY.

## Turning the Reel in the Dark Continent

A BREATH OF FRESH AIR.—IN JUNE I went with Mr. Adams to Duala, where he had to go to look after the agency for our mission there. He is frequently called there, but as a rule it is impossible for me to accompany him, for we are only three at Batanga, Mr. Emerson is away at least half the time, so I must care for the schools, assume the general care of the station, hold services, pay employees, minister to the sick, etc., etc.

As the steamer which we were expecting failed to arrive, we went on the railroad from Duala to the grassland and breathed good long breaths of cold, refreshing air, for we were 2,800 feet up. After six days there we returned to Duala, and as the steamer was still not in sight, we went to the Cameroun Mountain and spent three weeks at Buea, which is on the mountain side, also about 2,800 feet up. There we were in paradise, for roses grew as profusely as weeds, a fountain played near the house, and we wandered among beautiful flowers of every sort, both tropical and temperate, as home flowers grow there owing to the cold. And just think, we had *fresh* butter, and even a little *real milk* that came from a cow and not from a tin! These articles are not as plentiful as in pre-war times, for most of the cattle have been killed off. We had something better than peaches and cream, for we had mangoes and cream, and mangoes are certainly the best thing our tropics can produce! Altogether our three weeks were of great benefit to both of us. Mr. Adams

Native dentist knocking out a painful tooth.

had taken work along, and was able to accomplish much, as he was undisturbed: and as I had no other duties I could help him a little.

When we returned to Duala, we found the New York steamer still a thing of conjecture, so I left Mr. Adams and came overland—that is, by train as far as it would carry me and then by bush-car and foot over hills, which we mounted only to descend and go up others, until I began to question the use of going up when we had only to come down again. Two days of this travel brought me to Lolodorf, where I spent Sunday, and then three days more brought me back home, and ready for the task of sending out village teachers, which work had to be done in the next two days. What does this work consist of? Giving each teacher a supply of Bibles, primers, copy-books, notebooks, pencils, pens, slates, etc., recording price of each thing taken, making out a list for each teacher, giving him an advance on his wages, for a teacher would think himself much abused were he sent out with nothing "in his hand," which means on his back. Then each must have his certificate, which identifies him as being connected with the Mission; all of this entails considerable work, though not as much as when he returns, and has to account for his stock, tuition and money on hand. Mr. Emerson was here for a few days, but has now been gone a week. I have gotten over my scare of the leopard, and do not mind being alone. Perhaps you heard how a leopard got a dog from my bedroom where I was sleeping, when alone at the station.

(*Mrs. A. G.*) *Alice Dager Adams.*

Batanga.

Lecturing to one hundred and seventy-five evangelists is an undertaking which I have just been through, but it was easy compared to lecturing to their wives who had with them over forty babies. It required some patience to keep on with the lecture when the babies wanted to talk. . . . Then I was traveling with my helper and medicines for several days among people where no missionary had ever been. . . . We have our communion service now at three additional points so that those people do not come here, but here at Metet we had 2,235 out for communion to-day. Several of the patients on whom I have operated have confessed Christ and also some of their people who came to care for them. We have had to postpone Mission Meeting, dismiss our schools and discontinue gatherings and meetings all over the field. The epidemic is severe, many have died of it and I am doing what I can to cure patients and to stop its spread by dispersing all gatherings.

Metet. *Mrs. S. F. Johnson.*

An African Shunammite. Quite often as the late Dr. Good was traveling between Batanga and Lolodorf, he heard people speak of "Nantonga's town." It is not usual for a town to be named for a woman, so he asked about it and was told it was a Christian town. On the way home he stopped there. He found Nantonga was indeed a Christian woman and sharing all she knew with those about her. Many months before, she had gone to Lam to visit and as Lam is a Christian town she could not help seeing and hearing of things she did not possess. She remained long enough to decide to be a Christian and to learn all she could about this new way. She was rather too old to learn to read, but Africans commit to memory quite easily, so she learned by heart the Commandments, catechism and many verses. When she reached home and told her husband about all this he, too, was persuaded to give up his old ways. Then she decided that they must have prayers morning and evening, as was done at Lam. So she gathered in a few to her house and explained all she knew of this religion. More came, until her room was too small, then she and her husband built a larger place, like a palaver house. She told the people all she knew and as time passed many were influenced to believe and so the place became known as a Christian town.

(*Mrs.*) *L. B. Good.*

# NEWS FROM THE FRONT

## CHINA

Extract from letter of Rev. Dr. G. F. Fitch, of Shanghai: "Since my dear wife passed away, I do not think of her in terms of the cemetery and the grave, but rather as a glorified spirit, with Him, in whose presence is fullness of joy. She had rounded out her three-score-and-ten, and the sudden going was such a release from all the cares and toils and pains which might have been hers had she remained. For a long time now she had frequently mentioned how tired she was, and could not get rested. And now she knows 'perfect rest.' Before the funeral I had a notice put in the papers asking friends, out of deference to her known wishes, not to send flowers, but instead to send money to the Door of Hope, to which she had given so much thought and labor and prayer during the last eighteen years. Nearly four hundred dollars have come in in response, although flowers came, too, and it is hoped to make this a nucleus of a fund to be called the Mary Fitch Memorial Hospital for the poor Door of Hope inmates, something which is very much needed."

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Mrs. E. D. Vanderburgh, of Siangtan, writes: "If ever there lived a saint in China, Mrs. Fitch was one, and the fragrance of her life will long abide with us all. How the Chinese loved her! All classes, all ages, she was their patient, wise counsellor, and their loving, sympathetic friend—living so close to Christ that they could feel His very Presence in her life."

## SYRIA

Miss Charlotte H. Brown writes from Sidon: Now that we have permission to send letters, we hope that we may soon be having some again. Our news of the outside world has been very scanty these last twenty months and it will take us a long time to get caught up again. We have had no boarding schools lately and in Sidon Seminary we had no boarders last year, and only eight the year before instead of the sixty-five we used to have. We are badly in debt, owing to the paper currency that was forced upon us and which began to decline in value almost from the very start. At present it is worth between a sixth and a tenth of its original value. Then, too, the prices of all foodstuffs have been exorbitant and kerosene has been scarce and exceedingly dear. We hope now that prices may fall as soon as goods are allowed in, and I hope I may be able to have some boarders in the school. Death from starvation, typhus and other troubles has been very common here, and if things had not changed, hundreds would have died of starvation and cold this winter, and even so, help is most needed as many have nothing with which to help themselves, having sold all available furniture, cooking utensils and clothes. It has been and is a time of fearful want. I was thankful the school building could be used this last year in other ways, since we did not have our sixty-five boarders to fill it. More than half of our dining-room was divided off by old screens from the place where we ate and there Mrs. Doolittle had a "soup kitchen," about a hundred children and others being fed once a day with bread and cooked food. For several months two of our downstairs dormitories and adjoining halls were given over to wool industries, and women and girls gathered to card wool by "picking it," to spin and to crochet. They were paid by being given Soup Kitchen food at noon, with a loaf of Arab bread (flat and about the size of a small plate) and two other loaves for morning and night. Two supervisors and I also looked after the outside workers, weighing out yarn and work brought back and paying in loaves of bread. Many wool garments have been made and a good share of them will go to the orphan boys and girls to be collected in Gerard Institute and Sidon Seminary as soon as beds, bedding and clothes can be secured from Egypt and elsewhere. We have been living in very exciting times these past weeks, and can hardly realize that we are no longer under the Turkish government, with all its bribery and corruption."

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And the Rev. George C. Doolittle sends out a general letter, from which we quote extracts: "After the lapse of four long years, during which postal communications have been almost entirely interrupted, it is with mingled feelings of gratitude, relief, pleasure and apprehension that we attempt again to renew the delightful relationship that existed before the appalling war cloud settled upon the whole earth. The American community in Sidon has been kept in health and strength. Each one has been enabled to fulfill the many added duties imposed by the exigencies of relief distribution, soup kitchens, and industrial work. Nobody but those actually in touch with the situation can appreciate the condition of the people during this period of increasing want, famine and death. There was a time when we thought the pictures of Indian famine sufferers to have been exaggerated. Their counterpart has been abundantly and insistently before our eyes. In some districts famine and disease have literally obliterated whole villages, no one being left to bury the dead.

"And now release has come! The oppressive Turk has hurriedly packed his bag and left! Oh, the relief, the exquisite sensation of freedom, the sure knowledge that oppression, bribery and corruption have given place to kindness, equity and progress! Shut off for years from newspapers, magazines and the intimate touch of personal letters, how shall we rejoice to hear again from friends! Please write to us, and do not err in thinking that we know about what has happened in your home, your church, your city and country at large. The past years are almost a total blank."

# The Book Stall

NEW STUDY BOOK FOR WOMEN

*A Crusade of Compassion*

by

Belle J. Allen, M.A., M.D., and Caroline Atwater Mason

35 cents paper; 50 cents cloth; postage additional

*A Camouflaged Prescription* . . . . . .

A novelty in missionary stories. The mandarin, the mother and the daughter-in-law are all there, but in an unexpected and dramatic situation. It has a real climax.

*The Outlook in Japan*—1918 and 1919 . . 3c.

An up-to-date account of the religious work in Japan and the hopeful signs ahead. "All Japan is in a ferment, religious and social as well as political and economic. The outlook for 1919 is one of tremendous responsibility and cheering hopefulness."

DRAMAS

Missionary plays show an increasing popularity. Seldom has there been a louder call than for the one representing a doctor and his patients.

*The Clinic of a Missionary Specialist* . 10c.

Written by Mrs. Palmer and published by the Philadelphia Board.

*Maladies and Remedies* . . . . . .

Published by the New York Board.

Both, as the names imply, are effective representations of the illnesses affecting members of missionary societies, and are full of bright dialogue.

*Rainbow Series* . . . . . 5c.

A Call to Volunteers

Who? Why? How? Where? When? Wherewithal? Marching Songs

*Schools and Colleges of South America* . . . . . 5c.

Revised by Dr. Browning

*Mexico and Guatemala Question Book* . 5c.
Revised in 1918.

*The Book Hunger of Brazilio* . . . . 3c.

*Betty's Trip to South America* . . 5c. each
Parts I, II, III.

*Home Life in Brazil* . . . . . 2c.

*The Mexican Girl Monologue* . . . . 3c.
By Miss Blanche Bonine.

*Home Life in Mexico* . . . . . 2c.

*Yucatan, a New Responsibility* . . . . 3c.
By Mrs. William Wallace.

*Out of the Darkness into the Light* . . 2c.

MORE LITERATURE FOR BOYS!

We say this so often these days! Do we stop to think that the real boy does not need something especially written *for him?* Those who work with boys realize that a true story is much more appealing to them than any imaginary situation created by art. Why not try the literature prepared for the older person? Your boy is much more apt to be interested in history than is his mother, and as for geography, he probably knows more about the new map of Europe than she does, and is thrilled as he sees it change. Is there any more exciting story to tell him than the part the missionaries are playing in the devastated lands, and what the missionaries have done during the war? These things do not have to be written down to the boy, he only needs the simple statement of facts. It goes without saying that our boy always likes to hear about a real hero more than a story about some boy. He wants to hear about a man who has done something worth while, for he is always looking forward to the time when he will be a man. Let us use our best literature for the boy of the hour, if we desire to hold his interest in missions.

A happy Christian family. The older girl would have been sold to be a wife to some man and the slave of his older wives, were her parents not Christians. The toys are a revelation of joy in the African child's world. They were made at the Frank James Industrial School in Elat.

# HOME DEPARTMENT

## What the Auxiliary Should Mean to the Church

(Mrs. Ernest F.) Harriet M. L. Hall

An Aux-il-i-ary Society,
Which always behaved with propriety,
When asked, "Are you Model?"
Replied, "Why, what Twaddle!
For the 'Aux' is of endless variety!"

There was once a woman who was asked the question, "What should the auxiliary society mean to the church?" And she said in reply, that to her this society had always seemed so far above everything else in the church that those who attained it dwelt on a higher plane, beyond their less fortunate sisters. But she did not say how many of these others might attain to this height. And another woman who heard the question said that to her this society was like a window opened in a pleasant room that had been content with its own four walls. But she did not say how this window might be opened. And a third woman said the auxiliary society was like none of these, but could only be likened to a stone dropped in a still pool, that the ripples in ever-widening circles might reach to the farthest shore. But she did not say who dropped the stone, nor how.

And so another woman who had listened to what they all said, went away discouraged, for she thought, "Our society is so small, and never grows, and no one in the whole church cares whether it is there or not," and she was very downcast. Therefore, for her sake, yet another woman, out of long experience, wrote the chronicle of an auxiliary. Not of one that had attained the ideal, but of one that somehow through years had had glimpses of a goal, and patiently had set itself to seek the best.

And this is the record she wrote: Once there was a missionary society that began to find itself. It was not very old nor very strong, and it awoke one day to realize that it did not mean very much in the life of its church. And that was strange, thought the women who were its members, for they were surely on a higher plane than the other women of the church, who worked only for physical needs in the "Aid." Yet so few seemed to know it.

But presently they saw that even if they were right, they were not making it any easier for the other women to understand. So they thought first whether the programs that seemed so bright to them might not seem to the others quite dull. So they tried to give their programs interesting titles, "Missionary Tea," "Non-Christian Faiths in America," "Christmas Meeting"—and some of the other women came. Then they began to see that in order to reach others they themselves needed to know more, and in mission study classes they studied in little groups, and again some of the other women, who were very clever, came and studied with them. With mission study, too, came more prayer.

In a year or two they found that their society needed to be reorganized for efficiency, with definite plans for prayer, study and giving. Now some of their programs were on, "The Why of Foreign Missions, with a Glimpse of the How," "The Missionary Under Fire, Criticisms Pro and Con," "The Making of a Missionary," "Prayer and Its Relation to the Lives of the Missionaries," "What is a Board?" By this time many of the other women came, and wrote and talked and listened and learned, and the society forgot all about being a Higher Plane, and became an open window through which all in the church saw new and wonderful things.

By-and-by they found they were growing into a deeper realization of the meaning of prayer, and into a larger sense of stewardship — and then there came to

them a new world-consciousness. In these years their programs fitted into plans like "The Way of World Peace" and "The Larger Brotherhood," and although they did not know it, their auxiliary was likened to the stone in the clear pool, with its ever-widening circles. And the whole church knew that there was a stirring in its life, and rejoiced.

Then the missionary women saw that. like the new and wonderful Christians of other lands, they, too, must build up in every way the church they loved, welcome strangers, lead in Bible study and in community service. The women of the "Aid" learned, too, that this unknown thing of "missions" was after all only social service written large, and that "native Christians" were people very like themselves. So it came about that in that church it was hard to tell the "Aid" women from the "Missionary" women, for all were members of both societies.

And here the chronicle ends. For the ideal is not yet attained. But that auxiliary society is still following in patience the way of attainment. In war times there was much to do, and the bond was drawn very close, and together the women served their church, their community, their country, and the great world in need. Their record of a war year's achievement was:

Woman's Associations

| *For the Church* | *For the Community* |
|---|---|
| Flowers | Federation of Church Women |
| Hospitality | Mission sewing school |
| Visiting | Foreigners in the town |
| Friendship | Chinese school nearby |
| Bible Study | Chinese Home |
| Mission Study | Presbyterian Orphanage |
| Prayer | Institution for the Blind |

| *For the Country* | *For the World* |
|---|---|
| Christian Citizenship, Mexicans and Indians | Red Cross and Relief in Europe and Asia |
| War Work under Mobilized Women | Armenian Relief |
| Work for Soldiers and Sailors | Italian Relief |
| Red Cross | Nanking University |
| Y.W.C.A., Y.M.C.A. | Peking Medical School |
| Food Conservation | Evangelistic and Medical work in Chosen |
| School in Alaska | Hospital work in the Philippines |
| Freedmen | |

## THE RAINBOW CAMPAIGN

The Campaign for Recruits approved by the Federation of Women's Boards began in Philadelphia in January. Dr. Everett, of the Medical School, presided. The four-minute women included Dr. Potter of the Medical School, Miss Rachel Lowry, Miss Pancoast, and others. Washington, D. C., held a Rainbow meeting, January 27th, with an attendance of three hundred. Mrs. McDowell, Mrs. Radcliffe, Miss Burrell and Mrs. McGrew were delightful as four-minute women. Mrs. Montgomery presented the Call of the World Today. Mrs. Peabody acted as recruiting officer, speaking on the Call of the King, and presented posters and dedication cards. Volunteers have followed and pledges of money as well as life are coming into the Boards.

Chicago gathered a group of two hundred and fifty professional women, February 21st. Plans are under way to place the posters and leaflets in hospitals and colleges. In Pittsburgh, Saturday evening, February 22, two hundred and fifty professional women were at a dinner in the beautiful Y. W. C. A. building. Among the four-minute women were Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Isaacs, and Miss Kinear. Mrs. Porter, Chairman of the Rainbow Committee of Forty, had planned also a great mass meeting for Sunday afternoon. One of the leading physicians of Pittsburgh has presented her resignation to the hospital where she is serving and will sail for China in September. Buffalo held the sixth Rainbow meeting, February 25th, excelling all in numbers. Forty patronesses provided cafeteria supper for five hundred young women who were personally invited. Inspiring music and addresses brought enthusiastic response. The work of local committees is worthy of highest praise.

Posters, Plans and Rainbow leaflets are on sale at all Women's Boards of Foreign Missions. "Help Make the Rainbow!"

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*Foreign Missions Year Book of North America.* 1919. This invaluable compendium has been prepared, under the auspices of the Committee of Reference and Counsel of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, by the Rev. Burton St. John, director of the Conference's Bureau of Statistics and Research. Leaders and students of foreign mission work will find in it a mine of exact information. It contains not only a precise directory of societies of the whole world, with their statistics, but a summary of the year's events on the mission field; a list of the year's missionary books and many articles of note; striking charts, maps and illustrations; and methods of visualizing missions in ways that lead straight through the eye to the mind. As a book of reference the small volume of 156 pages, in paper binding, is worth many times its price of 50 cents per copy, postpaid. (This price holds until April 1st. Orders should be sent to Committee of Reference and Counsel, 25 Madison Avenue, New York City.)

## CHANGES IN THE MISSIONARY FORCE

DEPARTURES:

From Seattle, Feb. 1—Leon M. Bocker to join the Central China Mission.
From New York, Feb. 1—Rev. Joseph McNeill to join the Africa Mission.
From New Orleans, Feb. 2—Rev. and Mrs. C. S. Williams, returning to Colombia.
From New York, Feb. 8—Miss Rebecca W. Griest to join the Mexico Mission.
From Seattle, Feb. 9—Rev. Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Fulton, returning to Japan.
From Seattle, Feb. 14—Mrs. C. F. Bernheisel, returning to Chosen; Miss Sarah Faris, returning to Shantung.
From New York, Feb. 20—Mrs. James H. Nicol, Miss Alice S. Barber, Miss Rachel E. Tolles, returning to Syria; Miss Clifford Halliday, Miss Anna R. Kennedy, Miss Margaret Doolittle, to join the Syria Mission.
From Vancouver, Feb. 27—Dr. and Mrs H. M. McCandliss, returning to Hainan.
From New York, Feb. 28—Miss Selma C. M. Johnson to join the Colombia Mission.

MARRIAGE:

At Bangkok, Oct. 10—Rev. L. J. Beebe and Miss Mary A. Niederhauser, of the North Siam Mission.

RESIGNATIONS:

Mr. and Mrs. James P. Eskridge, of th Philippine Mission. Appointed 1910.
Miss Bertha L. Savige, of the North China Mission. Appointed 1916.
Rev. and Mrs. J. J. Boggs, of the South China Mission. Appointed 1895.
Miss Eda C. Bowman, of the Philippine Mission. Appointed 1917.

RETIRED:

Miss Hattie C. D. Peters, of the Philippine Mission. Appointed 1917.

DEATH:

At Vancouver, B. C., Feb. 24—Rev. W. A. Briggs, M.D., of the North Siam Mission. Appointed 1890.

## NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS

### *From Philadelphia*

Send all letters to 501 Witherspoon Building. Directors' meeting first Tuesday of each month at 10.30. Prayer-meeting, third Tuesday at 11. Visitors welcome at both meetings.

PRAYER-MEETING, April 15th. *Our Missionary Candidates, Africa.*

AN INTERESTING CONFERENCE was held in Philadelphia at our headquarters on February 4th and 5th. Thirty-three Presidents of synodical and presbyterial societies and presbyterial Key-women came together from New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and Washington, D. C., to spend an enjoyable two days with the Directors and Officers of the Philadelphia Board. It was an occasion of giving and receiving enthusiasm and assistance. The Conference covered all phases of our work, which were appropriately introduced to the delegates by a regular meeting of the Board on the first morning. The popular evening meeting was addressed by Mrs. Farmer, of interdenominational fame, and Rev. Mr. Schell, Associate Secretary of the Assembly's Board of New York. The other sessions were devoted to discussion of various points in regard to the work.

FULL REPORTS of the meetings of the Board of Directors and Conference have been sent to all synodical and presbyterial presidents.

THE FOLLOWING associate missionaries were adopted at Directors' meeting: Miss Ruth H. Bonebrake, fiancée of Mr. Floyd E. Hamilton, to go to Chosen, and Miss Mary Frances Albernethy, fiancée of Rev. Charles V. Reeder, to go to China. We had the very great pleasure of electing Miss Mary C. Peacock a member of the Board and we were glad to have Miss Jane R. Morrow, from Barranquilla, with us.

THE PRAYER-MEETING was inspiringly led by Mrs. John Meigs, of Pottstown, and many interesting passages were read from letters of our missionaries.

BEGINNING with the present fiscal year our Jubilee gifts become our New Era Increase. All such gifts should be paid as usual to the auxiliary and presbyterial treasurers. All pledges for the "Victory Fund," which includes New Era Increase, must also be given to the auxiliary treasurer. In order that the individual church may know what the women have assumed, the auxiliary treasurer is requested to report all such pledges to the treasurer of the church New Era committee in addition to reporting them to the presbyterial treasurer.

THE FOLLOWING JUBILEE gifts have been received: two gifts to the amount of six hundred dollars have been received in memory of Rev. Dr. S. G. Wilson, of Tabriz, Persia. A gift of one hundred dollars in memory of Miss Rachel Wheeler, from the first church auxiliary of Elizabeth, N. J. A gift of eight hundred dollars for the Woman's Christian College, Tokyo, Japan, and another of five hundred for rehabilitation work in Syria.

MISS HARRIET NOYES, our first missionary on the field, has been made an Honorary Life Member of the First Church Auxiliary of Philadelphia.

LOOKING FORWARD to the great Mission Study

Drive, all auxiliary societies and all Y. P. organizations are urged to send delegates to Summer Conferences, with the definite understanding that they prepare to lead Mission Study classes in the fall. Choose your leaders now, and give them the opportunity to equip themselves. The fine new textbook on Medical Missions, *The Crusade of Compassion,* by Dr. Belle J. Allen, will be taught at the Summer Conferences.

## *From Chicago*

Meetings at Room 48, 17 N. State St., every Friday at 10 a. m. Visitors welcome.

ONE of the new developments in our field is the arrival in Chicago of a colony of Mexicans. They have three distinct groups, all in the south and southwest districts of the city. There is a Spanish congregation holding service in Jefferson Park Church. We are assimilating them as rapidly as possible; under the guidance of Miss Mary Gregg, formerly a foreign missionary, and of Donna Maria de Chashe, a former student of our missionaries in Mexico, are held day schools, night schools and Sunday-schools. Already the leaven is working. If only the power of these three forces could be known and used, the world over, there would be little need of a League to *enforce* peace, for peace would be in the hearts of men.

THE ANNUAL MEETING program is well on the way now, and by the time this reaches you, we hope you have sent in the name of your delegate. It is worth all and more than all it costs any society, to send a delegate. Tuesday afternoon will be Young People's Day. There will be many helpful conferences. If you desire any special conference send word to Headquarters.

KEARNEY, NEBRASKA, leads the lists in its percentage of increase in gifts, in memberships, in *new subscriptions to the magazines!* We will give you the figures at Annual Meeting.

BE READY at Annual Meeting to tell what your society is doing for the New Era and the Jubilee.

ONE FRIDAY MORNING we had ten candidates at our meeting. Wasn't that a triumph for the Chairman of our Candidate Committee?

WORD has been received of the safe arrival, after a particularly stormy voyage, of thirty-six missionaries at Yokohama.

MISS GEORGIA L. MCKINNEY was joyfully received after her long journey from Tabriz, and the severe strain of the war conditions.

NOT A FRIDAY passes that we do not have thrilling reports from our missionaries, who always make it a point to attend our meeting when in the vicinity.

WE hope for a large number of missionaries and an unusually large number of candidates at our Annual Meeting, at the Central Church, Denver, Col., on April 16-17-18.

## *From New York*

Prayer-meeting at 156 Fifth Ave., corner 20th St., the first Wednesday of each month, at 10.30 a. m. Each other Wednesday there is a half-hour meeting for prayer and reading of missionary letters, commencing at same hour. Literature should be obtained from Room 818, 156 Fifth Ave.

THE FORTY-NINTH ANNUAL MEETING of the Women's Board of Foreign Missions will be held in the First Presbyterian Church, corner of Columbus Avenue and Berkley Street, Boston, Mass., on Wednesday and Thursday, April 23rd and 24th. An informal reception will be held on the evening of the 22nd for officers and delegates. Mr. B. Carter Millikin will conduct a Normal Mission Study Class, using the new textbook, *A Crusade of Compassion for the Healing of the Nations.* On Wednesday evening a popular meeting will be held and an address will be given by Rev. Dr. Arthur J. Brown. On Thursday a Young People's Conference will be held from 6 to 8 p. m., and the meeting will close with a Communion Service at 8.30 that evening. We hope to have several of the missionaries present, and the meeting promises to be most inspiring. The Chairman of the Credential Committee is Mrs. George S. Webster, 105 East 19th Street, New York; and Mrs. David R. Donaldson, 27 Holworthy Street, Cambridge, Mass., is Chairman of the Hospitality Committee, to whom delegates and missionaries attending the meeting will kindly send their applications for entertainment. She will also attend to securing board for those who desire it, at hotels or boarding houses. The presbyterial societies are urged to send as one of their delegates the young people's secretary, or someone to represent the young people's work, and earnest prayer is asked that the meeting may prove a helpful one.

THERE WAS a farewell talk from Rev. Dr. Stanley White, on the eve of his departure for Syria with a party to relieve the distress in that land. "America's task is to give Syria what the British soldiers fought for, righteousness, justice, brotherhood, love." Full of enthusiasm for the new-born Republic of China, Mrs. J. E. Williams said that they returned to Nanking six years ago, only to find a counter-revolution and more faculty than school at the opening of the university. But matters improved and the year closed with five hundred students. Now there are seven hundred. Agricultural and forestry courses have been especially popular. Students showing a tendency to tuberculosis are put in the fields and greatly benefited. Chinese who have been educated in this country find themselves rather lost when they return. Work planned especially for them to do has been a two-fold blessing. The growth of the church in An-ju was the theme of Rev. W. N. Blair, of Chosen. First, a single believer who wanted to fight if people despised his message; then a handful that bought a house for twenty dollars, using it for a church. When that was outgrown a compound was purchased for one hundred and twenty-five dollars. But the church grew and grew. Finally they built a fine church, seating one thousand people, bringing logs from the forest for beams and tiling the roof with tiles from the many discarded devil-shrines in the city. Miss Gauthey made a strong plea for suffering India, where crops were destroyed by drought and the people are starving, and, beside that, a fearful epidemic of influenza has

been raging. They need help and they need it at once. Miss Minor, of India, and Mrs. Blair and Miss Winn, of Chosen, were present at the February meeting.

## *From St. Louis*

Meetings every other Tuesday of each month at 10.30 a. m. Open meeting on the first Tuesday. Visitors welcome. Literature, Room 707.

May will be the busiest month in all the year to us. First, there will be the meeting of the General Assembly; then there will be a meeting of our own—a business meeting in lieu of our Biennial Assembly; then there will be the customary all-day meeting of Central Committee, in which will be represented each of our six Foreign Boards; lastly, a meeting of the General Council, in which both departments of our Presbyterian women's work are interested. Such a feast of good things!

At this writing we cannot give exact dates of our own meetings, but watch your weekly church paper for the information. The most emphatic word which we can send to our women of the Southwest is: *Come.* Everybody will be glad to welcome you, and you will find more than one blessing to take back home.

We will gladly welcome, too, those who will represent the other Woman's Boards, and trust there will be many who can find it possible to attend the meeting of the General Assembly and our own women's meetings.

Missionary letters: Mrs. Derr, Miss Spencer, Dr. McArthur, Carrie Clark. The latter writes from Simla, India's summer capital, where she, with two companions, was taking a month's vacation: "The school building is fully repaired and everything was running on promisingly when typhoid fever broke out, and in spite of every care spread rapidly. Seventeen little girls were the first victims. The two hospitals at Ludhiana and Ferozepore had many of our children, and our hearts are sad when we think of the bereft homes.

Dr. McArthur's letter, too, was full of like distress, the plague doing its dreadful work, and food at famine prices.

Miss Spencer writes from Vera Cruz in her usual cheerful strain—with one longing, however, which surely may be gratified, for a victrola. She is sure it would add to the interest of conditions, and surely it would. Somehow we think she will have it. At a recent meeting and in order to keep in line with an action of the Foreign Board, we decided to ask $1,250 for each single missionary and $2,500 for a married couple.

Miss Julia E. Hyde has come back to work with us, and takes Mrs. Patterson Bain's secretaryship.

## *From San Francisco*

920 Sacramento Street. Meetings first Monday of each month, at 10.30 and 1.30. Executive session, third Monday. Prayer Service, first and third Monday at 12-12.30.

After three months' absence from Headquarters on account of the influenza, February Board meeting was held at 920 Sacramento Street, as the second epidemic has waned in San Francisco. Visitors with war stories from three fronts were present. Miss Grace Herriott, on furlough from China, reached San Francisco in time to welcome home a brother from France. She told of exciting times in Hengchow when the wounded from the opposing Chinese factions filled the missionary hospitals. Rev. L. A. McAfee, D.D., has just returned from work among the soldiers in the great forests of the Northwest. He declared that the great adventure of the U. S. Army, aside from those at the front, was in the Spruce Division. A new lesson—obedience—was learned by the type of youths who came from homes where the idea of "bringing up father" was uppermost. These men pluckily accepted the bitterness of disappointment at not getting to the front, and very largely helped to bring about the victory. Rev. R. B. Hummel, formerly a missionary in the Cameroon, Africa, has been in the thick of the battles with the "Y" on the western front. The slogan of our troops at Chateau Thierry, "No return and no surrender," is the spirit we need in our churches, he declared. "If it is worth while to stop the mad dog of Germany it is worth while to stop the mad dog (of sin) forever!"

The Pacific Coast was privileged to listen to the inspiring speakers of the New Era Conference held in January. San Francisco Board members donned their influenza masks and crowded Calvary Church to hear them. Miss Hodge, Miss Voss, and Mrs. Coy among the women, Dr. Halsey, Mr. McConaughy, and others, among the men, brought helpful suggestions for the campaign. Thousands of women in the Presbyterian Church are indifferent to missions. Who will give them the vision of service, a service equal to their sisters outside of Christ, equal to that which they gladly give to war-victims? Speed the day when churches can display a sign, as our business houses proudly exhibit the Red Cross placard in their windows: "100% *Missionary!*" Let us dare great things for Christ!

## *From Portland, Oregon*

Headquarters, 454 Alder St. Meetings: Board of Directors, on first Tuesday of each month at 10 a. m.; visitors welcome. Executive Session, third Tuesday of each month at 10 a. m. Literature to be obtained from Miss Abby S. Lamberson at headquarters.

As our thoughts turned towards plans for our Biennial Assembly, due this April, our officers became convinced that it was wise to postpone that meeting one year for the following reasons: the year 1920 will bring the Jubilee events and make a time when we will wish especially to meet; the influenza epidemic has closed meetings and halted our work for weeks at a time in almost all of the towns of our three States; there have been many deaths of workers or in their families; many churches were closed, owing to the absence of their pastors for Y. M. C. A. or other war work, and we are now in a period of reconstruction in our societies and churches, so we feel that the stimulus of the Jubilee year will marshal our waiting forces, give new life and make April, 1920, a time when we can come up to our As-

sembly with hearts rejoicing and with sheaves in our arms. There is a marvelous opportunity, such as never before, awaiting us *now* to help in the work of building up Christ's Kingdom in all the nations of the world.

THE ANNUAL MEETING will be held at headquarters on the third Tuesday of April (15th), at which officers will be elected and reports presented, which will be printed in the annual pamphlet and sent to all societies.

MRS. E. T. ALLEN is in our midst, and she *has* a story to tell, and tells it ably, of the persecutions in Persia. She is to visit every presbyterial meeting in each of our three States, in company with the synodical president of each State. Do go, all of you who possibly can, to your own presbyterial meeting and hear Mrs. Allen.

WE ARE THANKFUL to learn that Mrs. Clarence Steele and family have arrived safely in Bangkok, and trust that the rest and change of the vacation at home may have been sufficient to reinforce them for their splendid work.

AMONG MANY who have suffered loss of dear ones from the devastating influenza is our dear co-laborer, Mrs. Clarence White, of Seattle, who was called upon to give back to God the younger of her two soldier sons. Our loving and prayerful sympathy is hers, and goes, too, to all other afflicted workers.

# RECEIPTS TO FEBRUARY 15, 1919

By Totals from Presbyterial Societies

## The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| BELL, | $5.23 | OXFORD, | $28.50 | Siam Fund, | $15.00 |
| CATAWBA, | 19.75 | PHILADELPHIA, | 200.00 | War Emergency Fund, | 1,479.00 |
| CHILLICOTHE, | 160.58 | PITTSBURGH, | 3,095.35 | Jubilee Fund, | 2,168.50 |
| CINCINNATI, | 300.00 | ST. CLAIRSVILLE, | 1,443.50 | | $11,965.09 |
| COLUMBIA, A, | 6.25 | UNION, | 25.00 | TOTAL RECEIPTS SINCE MARCH 15, 1918: | |
| ELIZABETH, | 50.00 | WASHINGTON CITY, | 125.00 | For Regular Funds, | $120,936.53 |
| FLORIDA, | 90.31 | WASHINGTON, | 308.00 | From Legacies and Annuity Gifts, | 13,356.63 |
| GRAFTON, | 265.20 | WOOSTER, | 118.00 | War Emergency Fund, | 11,106.08 |
| KITTANNING, | 92.00 | MISCELLANEOUS, | 2,028.80 | Jubilee Fund, | 3,869.01 |
| LIMA, | 263.25 | ANNUITIES, INT. ON INVESTMENTS, ETC., | 2,800.87 | For Special Funds, | 628.68 |
| MONMOUTH, | 25.00 | | | | $149,896.93 |
| NEW CASTLE, | 500.00 | | | | |
| NEW HOPE, | 14.50 | | | | |
| For Regular Work, | | $5,894.09 | | | |
| From Annuities and Memorial Funds, | | 2,408.50 | | | |

ANNA VLACHOS, *Treas.*,
501 Witherspoon Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

## The Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest

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|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| BLOOMINGTON, | $732.42 | MONROE, | $222.90 | DESIGNATED RECEIPTS FOR MONTH: | |
| BOULDER, | 7.00 | MANKATO, | 268.02 | Regular Work, | $8,295.94 |
| BUTTE, | 83.70 | MINNEAPOLIS, | 537.35 | Jubilee Fund, | 895.97 |
| CHICAGO, | 3,050.55 | OAKES, | 21.50 | Total, | $9,191.91 |
| CHIPPEWA, | 91.65 | OTTAWA, | 363.25 | TOTAL DESIGNATED RECEIPTS, MARCH 16, 1918, TO FEBRUARY 15, 1919 (11 months of fiscal year): | |
| DENVER, | 9.50 | PETOSKEY, | 74.90 | Regular Work, | $104,972.49 |
| DETROIT, | 1,029.25 | PUEBLO, | 132.50 | Jubilee Fund, | 1,679.61 |
| FLINT, | 84.84 | PEMBINA, | 115.90 | Total, | $106,652.10 |
| FREEPORT, | 270.64 | ROCK RIVER, | 33.00 | | |
| FORT WAYNE, | 7.00 | RUSHVILLE, | 381.00 | | |
| GRAND RAPIDS, | 335.60 | SIOUX CITY, | 50.00 | | |
| HELENA, | 47.67 | SPRINGFIELD, | 128.85 | | |
| INDIANA, | 50.00 | SAGINAW, | 110.50 | | |
| IOWA CITY, | 273.85 | ST. PAUL, | 250.00 | | |
| KALAMAZOO, | 59.00 | YELLOWSTONE, | 72.00 | | |
| KEARNEY, | 19.50 | MISCELLANEOUS, | 37.75 | | |
| LAKE SUPERIOR, | 210.32 | | | | |
| LEWISTOWN, | 25.00 | | | | |
| LOGANSPORT, | 5.00 | TOTAL, | $9,191.91 | | |

MRS. THOMAS E. D. BRADLEY, *Treas.*,
Room 48, 17 North State St., Chicago.

## Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church

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|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ALBANY, | $304.00 | MORRIS & ORANGE, | $738.00 | RECEIPTS FROM JAN 16th TO FEB. 15th: | |
| BINGHAMTON, | 233.00 | NASSAU, | 72.00 | Regular, | $14,559.74 |
| BROOKLYN, | 910.55 | NEWARK, | 438.35 | War Emergency, | 2,209.54 |
| BUFFALO, | 600.00 | NEWBURYPORT, | 24.00 | Jubilee Fund, | 85.00 |
| CAYUGA, | 201.69 | NEW YORK, | 7,631.25 | | $16,854.28 |
| CHAMPLAIN, | 353.00 | NIAGARA, | 129.00 | TOTAL SINCE MARCH 15th: | |
| CHEMUNG, | 148.60 | NORTH RIVER, | 251.00 | Regular, | $86,542.42 |
| CONNECTICUT VALLEY, | 357.00 | STEUBEN, | 93.00 | War Emergency, | 4,505.44 |
| EBENEZER, | 61.00 | SYRACUSE, | 329.00 | Jubilee Fund, | 1,259.00 |
| HUDSON, | 231.50 | TRANSYLVANIA, | 103.00 | | $92.306.86 |
| JERSEY CITY, | 140.00 | TROY, | 288.00 | | |
| LONG ISLAND, | 81.25 | UTICA, | 618.50 | | |
| LOUISVILLE, | 779.00 | WESTCHESTER, | 445.30 | | |
| LYONS, | 185.71 | MISCELLANEOUS, | 1,091.62 | | |
| | | INTEREST, | 15.96 | | |

(MRS. JAMES A. WEBB, JR.) NELLIE S. WEBB, *Treas.*,
Room 818, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

## The Woman's Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions of the Southwest

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|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| FORT WORTH, | $6.00 | WICHITA, | $10.40 | Million Dollar Fund for month, | $492.30 |
| MUSKOGEE, | 30.00 | MISCELLANEOUS, | 18.26 | Million-Dollar Fund for year to date, | 5,514 11 |
| | | | $64.66 | Jubilee Fund for month, | 8.40 |
| Total for month, | | | | Jubilee Fund for year to date, | 214.03 |
| Total for year to date, | | | 24,238.21 | | |
| Relief Fund for month, | | | 118.50 | | |
| Relief Fund for year to date, | | | 400.75 | | |

MRS. B. T. EDWARDS, *Treas.*,
Room 707, 816 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.